

1490.2.37.
A N

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN

An Empty ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

----- *Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi ----- VIRG.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M.DCC.LVI.

Elegy
K

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Printed by R. and J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THIS Poem being a Parody on the most remarkable Passages in the well-known Epistle of *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, it was thought unnecessary to transcribe any Lines from that Poem, which is in the Hands of all, and in the Memory of most Readers.

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THIS Poem being a Parody on the most remarkable Passages in the well-known Epistle of Eliza to Abigail, it was thought unnecessary to transcribe any Lines from that Poem, which is in the Hands of all, and in the Memory of most Readers.



E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN

An Empty ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

IN Scenes where HALLET's Genius has combin'd
With BROMWICH to amuse and cheer the Mind;
Amid this Pomp of Cost, this Pride of Art,
What mean these Sorrows in a Female Heart?

5 Ye crowded Walls, whose well enlighten'd Round
With Lovers Sighs and Protestations found,
Ye Pictures flatter'd by the learn'd and wise,
Ye Glasses ogled by the brightest Eyes,

Ye

Ye Cards, which Beauties by their Touch have blest,
 10 Ye Chairs, which Peers and Ministers have prest,
 How are ye chang'd! like you my Fate I moan,
 Like you, alas! neglected and alone -----
 For ah! to me alone no Card is come,
 I must not go abroad---and cannot *Be at Home*.
 15 Blest be that social Pow'r, the first who pair'd
 The erring Footman with th' unerring Card.
 'Twas VENUS sure; for by their faithful Aid
 The whispering Lover meets the blushing Maid:
 From Solitude they give the chearful Call
 20 To the choice Supper, or the sprightly Ball:
 Speed the soft Summons of the Gay and Fair,
 From distant Bloomsbury to Grosvenor's Square;
 And bring the Colonel to the tender Hour,
 From the Parade, the Senate or the Tower.

25 Ye Records, Patents of our Worth and Pride!

Our daily Lesson, and our nightly Guide,

Where'er ye stand dispos'd in proud Array,

The Vapours vanish, and the Heart is gay;

But when no Cards the Chimney-Glass adorn,

30 The dismal Void with Heart-felt Shame we mourn;

Conscious Neglect inspires a fullen Gloom,

And brooding Sadness fills the slighted Room.

If but some happier Female's Card I've seen,

I swell with Rage, or sicken with the Spleen;

35 While artful Pride conceals the bursting Tear,

With some forc'd Banter or affected Sneer:

But now grown desp'rate, and beyond all Hope,

I curse the Ball, the D----fs and the Pope.

And as the Loads of borrow'd Plate go by,

40 Tax it! ye greedy Ministers, I cry.

How

How shall I feel When Sol resigns his Light,
To this proud splendid Goddess of the Night!
Then when her awkward Guests in Measure beat
The crowded Floors, which groan beneath their Feet!
45 What Thoughts in Solitude shall then possess
My tortur'd Mind, or soften my Distress!
Not all that envious Malice can suggest
Will sooth the Tumults of my raging Breast.
(For Envy's lost amidst the numerous Train,
50 And hisses with her hundred Snakes in vain)
Though with Contempt each despicable Soul
Singly I view, --- I must Revere the Whole.
The Methodist in her peculiar Lot,
The World forgetting, by the World forgot,
55 Though single happy, tho' alone is proud,
She thinks of Heav'n (she thinks not of a Crowd)

And

And if she ever feels a vap'rish Qualm,
 Some † *Drop of Honey*, or some holy Balm,
 The pious Prophet of her Sect distils,
 60 And her pure Soul seraphic Rapture fills;
 Grace shines around her with serenest Beams,
 And whisp'ring WHITF---D prompts her golden Dreams.
 And now convinc'd all human Pow'rs are vain,
 Alike the IRISH and the BRITISH Swain;
 65 An heav'nly Spouse alone she deigns t' approve,
 And melts in Visions of eternal Love.
 Far other Dreams my sensual Soul employ,
 While conscious Nature tastes unholy Joy:
 I view the Traces of experienc'd Charms,
 70 And clasp the Regimentals in my Arms.

† *The Title of a Book of Modern Devotion.*

To And be at once their Countess and their Scorn!

To dream last Night I clos'd my blubber'd Eyes ;
Ye soft Illusions, dear Deceits arise :
Alas! no more; methinks I wand'ring go
To distant Quarters 'midst the Highland Snow:
75 To the dark Inn where never Wax-light burns,
Where in smoak'd Tap'stry faded Dido mourns ;
To some Assembly in a Country Town,
And meet the Colonel----- in a Parson's Gown ----
I start ---I shriek ----
80 O! could I on my waking Brain impose,
Or but forget at least my present Woes!
Forget 'em-----how! ----each rattling Coach suggests
The loath'd Ideas of the crowding Guests.
To visit --- were to publish my Disgrace ;
85 To meet the Spleen in ev'ry other Place ;
To join old Maids and Dowagers forlorn ;
And be at once their Comfort and their Scorn!

For

(11)

For once, to read ---- with this distemper'd Brain,
Ev'n modern Novels lend their Aid in vain.

90 My MANDOLINE ---- what Place can Musick find
Amid the Discord of my restless Mind?

How shall I waste this Time which slowly flies!
How lull to Slumber my reluctant Eyes!

This Night the Happy and th' Unhappy keep
95 Vigils alike, ----- N * * *has murder'd Sleep.*

F I N I S.

For once, to read ---- with this discompos'd Brain,

Even modern Novels lend their Aid in vain.

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Amid the Discord of my restless Mind?

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F I N I S